

The History of

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Prin. Well, heere is my legge.
Fal. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.
Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.
Fal. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.
Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?
Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene:
 For teares do stop the floud-gates of her cies.
Ho. O Iesu, hee doth it as like one of these harlotry Players,
 as euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.
Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,
 but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-
 nile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
 more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue
 partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-
 lanous tricke of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather
 lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, herelieth
 the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall
 the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blacke ber-
 ries? a question not to be asked, shall the son of England proue
 a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be asked: there is a thing.
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and is knowne to ma-
 ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch, as ancient wri-
 ters doe report) doth defile? so doth the company thou keepest:
 For *Harry,* now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares,
 not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
 also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
 in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?
Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
 full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
 his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now
 I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lea-
 dy giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his lookes; if
 then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
 then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*.
 ban keepe with the rest banish: and tell me now, thou naughty
 varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince

Henry the Fourth.

Prince. Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou f
 and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, f
 ly both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heel
 bet-sucker, or a Poulters hare.

Prince Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge my maisters.

Prince. Now *Harry,* whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *Eastcheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieu

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, Ile tie
 young *Prince* yfaith.

Prince. Swarest thou, vngracious boy? hencefor
 on me, thou art violently carried away from grace,
 well haunts thee in the likenesse of a fat old man, a t
 is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with th
 humors, that boulding-hutch of beastlineile, that sw
 of Dropies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuff
 of guttes, that rosted Manning tree Oxe with th
 his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, tha
 fian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but t
 and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to ca
 and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? where
 in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? v
 thy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take mee with y
 meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable misleader o
stafse, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I kno

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him ther
 were to say more then I know: that he is old (the n
 tie) his white haire do witnesse it: but that he is (sa
 uerence) a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if Sac
 be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old an
 sinne, then many an old Host that I know, is dam
 fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine are
 No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Cardo*, bani

Fal